UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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BEGGAR.

[For J. H. H., in expression of the Community Church ideal.]

Brother, you have fire—
And I have only night.
Give me but to warm my hands
In the circle of leaping light
And my dark shall fold you in to Peace
When the embers are cold and white.

Brother, you have a song—
And only sorrow, I.
Sing your song at the open door
To reach me passing by,
And I will give my silent tears
That it may never die.

Brother, you have a house—
And I but a cloak threadbare.
Give me the stones of your four gray walls
To build a Temple, where
I may drop the knowledge of bitter things
And kneel with you in prayer.

ELIZABETH ZULAUF.

Inauguration Day this blessed year is remarkable not so much for what is coming as for what is going. It is a festival pre-eminently of "good riddance" rather than of "welcome." Think of waking up on the fifth of March and finding that Mr. Burleson is a private citizen, that Mr. Baker has returned to Cleveland, that Mr. Daniels is powerless to urge the biggest navy in the world, above all that Mr. Palmer can no longer bring shame and dishonor upon America by misconduct in the Department of Justice! Listen on that morning, and you will hear, like the sound of many waters, a great, universal sigh of relief coming up from all the nation, that at last it is free of the incubus of these petty bureaucrats. For it is indeed the "pettiness" of these men, quite as much as their misconduct, which has made their occupancy of high office so intolerable in recent years. The tyrant, after all, should properly have something magnificent about him. The militarist should be accompanied by the proud glitter of pomp and pageantry. We will pardon a man almost anything if, like Napoleon, he only appeals superbly to our dramatic imagination. But of this, there was absolutely nothing in these men now so happily swallowed by oblivion. Mr. Palmer never at any time rose above the dull level of the bully. Mr. Baker, in his physical and spiritual attempt to keep stride with the soldier, like Daniels, to walk the quarter-deck with admirals, never achieved any higher dignity than that of the amiable amateur. The tyrannies of the Wilson administration were indefensible; but what was indefensible became unpardonable, in the eyes of the people, when it was seen that the practitioners of these tyrannies had no courage, no originality, no audacity. They were a petty, puny lot—pigmies strutting furiously in roles made sublime, if also terrible, by the great despots of history. March 4th is a welcome day, if only that it brings us riddance of these little men.

Of Mr. Harding, so soon to be President Harding, there is nothing to be said, save that he has conducted himself with admirable dignity since election day, and now enters upon his great office with the unreserved good will of all the people. Of all those, however, who wish him well, how many really believe that his administration will be successful? What assurance is there in Mr. Harding's education, experience, personal associates, or public record, that he will be able to grapple with the vast world problems now pressing for solution, handle constructively the waxing class-warfare of our time, offer leadership of any kind in the stupendous task of rebuilding a shattered world? We would not fool either ourselves or our readers as regards the prospect now before us; Mr. Harding is an amiable, kindly, well-intentioned man; furthermore, he is modest in his estimate of his own abilities. But he has little knowledge, less vision, and, in an age of unprecedented storm, a habit of mind pathetically revealed in the immortal phrase of "normalcy." If, under the leadership of this man, we can expect little but reaction, we may at least have the consolation of knowing that it will be honest reaction. There will no tyranny masquerading under the guise of democracy, no kissing of Joab while sticking him under the fifth rib. We shall be surprised if we are able to support many of Mr. Harding's policies. But we expect to find him straightforward, sincere, unpretentious. He will do at all times the best he knows, in the spirit of whole-hearted dedication to a high task. Even while not agreeing with him as President, we shall respect him as a man.

Right ideas about the Great War are more and more coming to confirm the original pacifist position. In the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, for example, Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson states (page 244) without discussion, as though it could not be disputed, the fact that the net result of America's entrance into the war in 1917, was the prolongation of a struggle at that moment reaching its end.

"When she (the United States) entered the war," says Mr. Dickinson, "the idea of peace without victory was definitely abandoned, and the war, *which would have ended that year*, was prolonged until the eventual complete overthrow of the German power by the Allies. It was prolonged by American aid, to the economic ruin, first of Central Europe, then of all Europe."

Here is an exact statement of the case of America's relation to the war, as it has been understood by the pacifists from the beginning. If it errs at all, it is in the matter of the conflict ending "that year"—i. e., 1917. We believe that it would have ended as early as the fall of 1916, had it been definitely known that, under no circumstances, would this country become a belligerent. Both sides were at that time beaten; both saw that, as matters then stood, victory was impossible and economic ruin certain. Only the Allies had the hope that America might be persuaded to come in and turn the balance in their favor. In other words, our attitude and later action kept the conflict going, defeated the Wilsonian ideal of a "peace without victory" which was the only peace which could endure, and at last won a victory of arms which wrecked not merely Germany but all the world. Our rôle in the war was to come to a bonfire which was dying out for lack of fuel, and throw on the blaze a mass of fresh dry timber. "In the outbreak of the war," writes Mr. Dickinson, "America played no part. But she played a part, and an important one, in its continuance."

List ye to this tale! and then give "three-times-three" for the actors and actresses of New York! On the Broadway stage today is a Negro actor, named Charles Gilpin, who is making a triumphant success of Eugene O'Neill's drama, "Emperor Jones." Mr. Gilpin was recently selected by vote of the members of the Drama League of New York, according to public announcement, as one of the ten most distinguished contributors to dramatic art in the year just past, to be honored by a dinner on March 6th. The directors of the League, horrified at the prospect of a Negro at table, took some action, reports of which are confusing, which spread abroad the impression that Gilpin would not be invited to the dinner, but would be sent a letter of esteem instead. The response of the other actors to this ignoble suggestion was so immediate and decisive, that the League directors have been explaining and apologizing ever since. Seven of the ten artists chosen for honors declared flatly that they would not attend the dinner if Gilpin were left out. These seven were Mary Garden, Gilda Varesi, Jacob Ben-Ami, Robert Edmund Jones, Eugene O'Neill, Dudley Digges, and Lee Simonson. Mary Garden said she "would like to know who in New York would not sit with Gilpin." Gilda Varesi wired, "If you invite Gilpin, I'll be proud to sit next to him. God forbid that artists should do the American stage such a wrong as has been imputed to you with respect to Gilpin." In addition, a letter of protest was published, signed by a large number of "men and women of the theater," stating it as their duty to express publicly their "indignation at the alleged discrimination by the Drama League against the distinguished Negro actor, Charles Gilpin," and announcing their determination to "abstain from the dinner unless the League sees fit to deny intent to discriminate." We have heard in years of nothing which does greater honor to the "men and women of the theater" than this spontaneous movement on behalf of their great Negro colleague. It is action which puts to shame many of the rest of us. Furthermore, is it welcome as a "sign" to an age which knows all too much of prejudice and hate.

The National Civic Federation, like a child with water in its veins, has fainting spells every once in so often. Its latest fit of this kind came on February 15th last, when it made report of the alarming spread of radical sentiment in the churches.

"Efforts to gain a foothold for Bolshevism and radicalism in the various churches," says its report, "have been most successful in the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian and the Methodist churches, and indications are not wanting that the same tendency is manifesting itself in the Roman Catholic Church."

It is also stated that there is "unmistakable evidence" of radical activities in the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and such philanthropic organizations as the Red Cross. All of which is indeed very terrible if, like "little orphant Annie," you live in daily fear that "the goblins will get yer, if yer don't watch out." We must confess for ourselves, however, that this little spasm of the Civic Federation affects us quite otherwise. It gives us courage to believe that things are not so bad with the churches as we had imagined. For of course the "radicalism," to which this report so alarmingly refers, is simply the rediscovery of Christianity as Christ taught it; and if so many churches as is here indicated, and even the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., are thus laying hold today upon the revolutionary gospel of the kingdom, there is hope yet for organized religion. We take hope, therefore, once again. Especially do we beg the Civic Federation to keep on in its good work. If it will only have a fainting-fit of this kind, say about once in six months, we shall find it easily possible to become an out-and-out optimist. After all, there is nothing so stimulating as to see who's scared, how much scared, and why!

The Boston Federation of Churches—an excellent organization, by the way!—speaks of "the deepening religious feeling evident throughout the country." In reading this statement, we cannot refrain from ask-

ing for specifications. Ever since we can remember "religious feeling" has been "deepening," a great spiritual revival has been just around the corner, the churches have been on the eve of mighty things! But the months have passed into years, the years into decades, and expectation has not yet been fulfilled. On the contrary, the churches were never so empty, the supply of clergymen never so inadequate, the moral level of society never in our time so low. For example, in the same magazine in which we saw this pronouncement of the Boston Federation (*Christian Register,* February 10), we read on another page (131):

> Within recent years public sentiment has undergone a radical change with regard to Sunday. . . . Automobiles, golf-links, moving-picture shows . . . have woefully depleted the parson's congregation. The young people of the present time are not growing up in the atmosphere of the church to anything like the extent that their parents did. The minister is more aware than any one else that the outlook from the point of view of his business is gloomy.

Again we read (page 132), on the authority of no less a man than Prof. George A. Coe, that "churches in search of ministers find it almost impossible to secure qualified men"—"Christians (have) grown conventional and dull in appreciation of what is central in religion"—"English and American reports reveal an amazing lack of church interest among soldiers"—"spiritual illiteracy prevails in churches," etc. In the face of such facts as these, what is the use of talking about "the deepening religious feeling evident throughout the country"? Are we parrots, that we cannot stop speaking what we have been taught to speak? Are we fools, that we deliberately prefer illusion to reality? Not since the Reformation has the tide of religious life been so low as it is today; and this situation is not going to be cured by pious phrases which substitute hope for knowledge.

John Keats as a name sounds duly appropriate for the son of a livery-stable keeper; not so appropriate for an immortal poet. No one who knew the pugnacious high-tempered boy, or the later fifteen-year-old surgeon's apprentice, could have noted any music in his name; but to us today, one hundred years after his lowly birth in 1821, it has a melody and beauty which attach as though by right to few other names in the literature of modern times. And all because of the magic of words! John Keats was made of poetry all compact. In body and soul alike, it was the essence of his being. What more spontaneous than his discovery, through the irresistible temptation to imitate the flowing verse of Spenser, that he too was a creator! What more beautiful than his dedication to his task of song:

> "I feel assured," he said, "I should write for the mere yearning and fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labors shall be burnt every morning, and no eye ever rest upon them!"

What more wonderful, in spite of his short period of life—a scant twenty-five years in all!—and his necessarily imperfect experience, than the body and quality of his poetic accomplishment! Keats had an unparalleled feeling for beauty, and a vital perception of the connection of beauty with truth; this, combined with a felicity of expression which was the "perfection of loveliness," made him, to quote Matthew Arnold, a poet "(who) ranks Shakespeare." To think of what this enraptured youth, who penned before his twenty-fifth birthday the matchless sonnet, "Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art," might have done had he been granted Milton's or Wordsworth's span of years, is to contemplate a poet greater than man has ever known. As it is, Keats has few rivals. When criticism was beating hot and fierce upon his head, he wrote, with an imperturbability worthy of a seasoned veteran, "This is a mere matter of the moment, and I think I shall be among the English poets after my death."

French Finance and Europe's Future

The French premier is faced with an extremely difficult task; he is hedged about by factions representing two strong political interests which are diametrically opposed. On the one hand there is the Poincaré-Millerand-Tardieu group whose chauvinistic policy has landed the taxpayers of France into a financial morass from which escape seems impossible; on the other hand there is the group, not a harmonious one by any means, representing the labor-Socialist organizations which seek an international settlement of Europe's industrial and political troubles. Whether M. Briand can steer a course between these groups without bumping the ship of state against the party rocks is a problem which demands considerable political wisdom. Other troublesome factors which might assume enormous significance affect the premier; one is the necessity of finding sources of revenue in France to yield billions of francs, though something definite be arranged regarding the payment of the German indemnity. Another serious factor is that of making the landed proprietors of France contribute a large share of their wealth to the national treasury. M. Briand has stated with commendable frankness that it is necessary to raise between ten and fifteen billions a year from the country's resources to meet the cost of pensions and cover the expense of restoring the regions destroyed by war. The national income cannot provide for these gigantic claims. Loans, then, must be resorted to, if the expenditures on pensions and restoration measures are to be met. But the present state of the money market will not permit of a flotation of the size required by France. Indeed, an issue so small as that recently floated by Switzerland cost 8 per cent interest. The Paris *Temps*

recognizes what that means, and is forced to admit so high a rate of interest on the amount required by the French government would eat up a very large part of the annual German payments. The financial situation is as black as it can be; even the *Journal des Débats,* usually optimistic, is plunged in gloom about it. The bankers and the more conservative elements of the Stock Exchange realize the gravity of the situation. It seems there is now agreement in financial circles that the difficulty commercial men meet with when they try to get cash for the government's paper is one of the reasons for the serious business depression which afflicts France.

Mr. Walter Duranty, the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times,* deals with the problem of French finance with a clear understanding of the facts, and he is the first to see the problem in all its aspects, economic, political and commercial. He says:

> The *Débats* writer criticizes the possibilities of France realizing any considerable part of the German debt—for instance, as the result of an international loan which is believed to be one of the proposals Herr Bergmann has brought back from Berlin. The *Débats* considers all such proposals are mere will-o'-the-wisps in view of the international financial situation, to say nothing of uncertainties about exchange and interest rates in the future. He declares that this opinion is shared by the leading financial authorities in Paris.
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> Meanwhile the market is overshadowed by the situation arising from the large bank credits on goods put out at high prices but not yet sold to consumers. The editor of the financial newspaper *Petit Bleu* states today that trouble has been narrowly averted by government action. He points out the security of the "Big Three," the Bank of France, the Crédit Lyonnais and the Crédit Foncier, which from the outset refused such business.
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> He cites in particular the Société Centrale des Banques de Province, whose president is Deputy Charles Dumont, one of the leading candidates for the Finance Ministry during the recent crisis, as having benefited by "political interventions in its favor."
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> There are signs that financial circles are gradually coming to realize that not the least of France's handicaps is the unequal distribution of taxation, which at present favors the agricultural interests at the expense of the rest of the national life. Farmers have made immense profits during the war but there is no record of any of them paying the war profit tax. The income tax and the new one per cent on gross turnover they practically never pay—most of them do not even keep books.
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> The indirect tax on tobacco they do pay, but another heavy indirect tax on alcohol is largely avoided, owing to the privilege farmers have of distilling grape cider and other fruit brandy almost duty free for their own household. This right—the law of the *bouilleurs de cru,* as it is called—has been often bitterly attacked, not only for fiscal reasons but as one of the causes of alcoholism since it insures a supply of cheap spirit to the country districts.
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> But, including the wine growers, it is estimated that more than half of France's population draws a living from the soil, and the agricultural interests are so strong politically as to make reform of the fiscal laws impossible. For the same reason little pressure can be brought upon them with respect to unpaid taxes. Business men, financiers and industrials now feel that this state of affairs is strangling the country and are beginning to demand that something be done to make the farmers understand that they must share the ill effects sooner or later.

What will happen when the government attempts drastic measures to make the peasant proprietors pay no French politician will care to contemplate. To deal with six and a half millions of landed proprietors is a problem of such magnitude when taxation is to be enforced that I doubt the courage of a government which has always been subservient to the agricultural classes. There is no stronger body of Tory landlords than the French to be found in Europe. The government has always treated the proprietors leniently; now there may be grave consequences if strict measures be taken with them. Mr. Duranty hits the fiscal nail on the head when he says "the agricultural interests are so strong politically as to make reform of the fiscal laws impossible." For fifty years they have been able to oppose and thwart every political and financial reform; whether in the direction of free trade or sound finance, or less garrison towns, or, indeed, movements towards disarmament and international arbitration, one and all have met the steady opposition or indifference of peasant proprietors.

There seems to be no way out of the financial mess, for if Briand should permit any modification of the Paris terms when he meets Lloyd George and the Germans in London, and as a consequence suffers defeat when he meets the Chamber, it is not to be supposed that Poincaré will be able to save France from financial ruin. Poincaré's policy is suicidal. He has said: "It might well happen that there would arise a case where no other ally being directly interested in a violation by Germany, the Allies would prefer to let us act alone. Anyhow, we would be wrong in ıg cases where we are authorized by treaty to act with ın the concurrence of our allies to abandon that right." ık-

This really means the occupation of Germany by France. Such a course would increase the French debt, plunge central Europe into worse financial and commercial chaos, and, perhaps, prolong the agony for years to come without enabling France to regain her financial stability. That her people are not in a position to support such a policy does not occur to Poincaré; does he know how the cost of such an undertaking is to be met? If France acts alone in making such a military move, it is quite unlikely any ally will give her the necessary funds for the expedition. Great Britain cannot afford in any way to assist France in such a move, for she is now feeling the pinch of the depression caused by dislocation of her old European markets, and she knows her people are faced with poverty and destitution because two-thirds of the people of Europe are not free to produce their goods for and exhange them in an open market. Poincaré's threat of war between France and Germany if the indemnity is not paid cannot be regarded seriously.

The worst of it is Europe is kept in a state of economic unrest while French politicians manœuver for place and power. Briand's is the third ministry since the armistice. The fight to keep Cailleux out seems to be the dominant question of political circles in Paris; the size of the indemnity is mere shop-window dressing. Behind all the bluster of Clemenceau, Millerand and Poincaré, there lies this business of the intrigue as it is called, against Cailleux. Whether he be saint or sinner need not concern us for the moment, but so long as he lives the chauvinists will not know a moment's rest. Meanwhile, France is suffering and seems likely to lose her financial and commercial prestige.

What should she do in the circumstances? Consider half a loaf is better than none? Well, it is not a French characteristic to snap at a shadow and lose the substance, and half a loaf is obtainable from Germany without any of the risks and costs of war. It will be cheaper, too, to take what Germany can pay; the cost of collecting what she cannot pay would be enormous. In any event, France needs between ten and fifteen billions of francs annually for pensions and restoration and Briand knows how unpropitious the time is to float such loans. It has been rumored that the government was considering a great scheme of a capital levy, but a ministry in Paris has not an earthly chance of putting such a scheme into effect. Privilege is strong in France. Six and a half million owners of land can make or unmake ministries as quickly as French politicians can put them together. Perhaps the time is near when some French economist will remind the people that Thomas Paine, citizen of the Republic, told the politicians of his day that it was their duty to take the economic rent of the land of France if they wished to save her people from disinheritance.

How much Europe's future depends on the outcome of the meeting in London on March 1st is a matter scarcely thought of by the editors of our prints. It is said that Foch is ready to cut off Bavaria from the rest of Germany if the Germans refuse to accept the conditions laid down by France. How that operation will make it easier for Germans to pay the indemnity is not stated. Still, it is not to be regarded as a mere threat, for as Mr. Charles Grasty points out in the *New York Times,* the farmers of France are in the saddle, and "the agricultural interest is dominating whenever it wants to be. It wants to be dominating now. It is rich enough to take care of France's financial responsibilities, but the French farmers don't want to dig up their buried gold to pay Germany's debt." There is the matter in a nutshell. Klotz, the Finance Minister when the armistice was signed, said Germany would pay the whole of the French national debt. Evidently the French farmers believed him, and now it will be a pretty awkward business for the politician who will make the farmers understand that Klotz' estimates were overdrawn and highly colored.

It is a pity reason and good will are far to seek in the settlement of Europe's troubles. Half a dozen business men from London, Paris and Berlin would have arranged everything satisfactorily in a month, for they would have wasted no time on politics; they would have concerned themselves with the economic questions affecting Europe as a whole. And to that matter, when all is said and done by politicians and soldiers, must we all return, and regard Europe as an economic whole, not as a heterogeneous collection of complex states, occasionally at war, constantly under arms, organized at all times for imperial purposes.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

INDIA.

Silent amid unbroken silence deep
Of dateless years, in loneliness supreme,
She pondered patiently one mighty theme,
And let the hours, uncounted, by her creep.
The motionless Himalayas, the broad sweep
Of glacial cataracts, great Ganges' stream—
All these to her were but as things that seem,
Doomed all to pass, like phantoms viewed in sleep.

Her history? She has none—scarce a name;
The life she lived is lost in the profound
Of time, which she despised; but nothing mars
The memory which, single, gives her fame:
She dreamed eternal dreams, and from the ground
Still raised her yearning vision to the stars.

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

THE PULPIT

What Does It Mean to Love God?

By John Haynes Holmes, Minister of the Community Church, New York City

The sermon which I am to preach to you this morning has for its purpose the attempt to interpret or clarify a theological idea which has played an exceedingly important part in the religious experience of mankind. I refer to that idea which has to do with what is called man's duty to love God. Ever since I can remember, I have heard it said that the love of God is what distinguishes religion from every other experience of the human heart. The most familiar, and certainly the most impressive, passage in the New Testament writings, is Jesus's formulation of the two commandments of the law, of which "the first and great commandment" is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." But how many of us know what this commandment really involves? How many of us have ever asked ourselves what it means to "love the Lord thy God"? We know what it means to love a child, or a woman or a man, or even an institution or a cause. But how many of us know what it means, in the form of definite, concrete ideas, to love this divine spirit of all life which we call God? This is the question which I want to open up for discussion at this hour. By most of us, I am forced to believe, this phrase is used not to express any clear idea at all, but only to convey a general impression, or even to cover up an absence of all thought. Now I want to ask if "loving God" does not mean, or cannot be made to mean, something very definite in our lives; and religion, therefore, be understood in ways that have never been understood before.

In entering upon this inquiry, I find an excellent starting point in that passage from the first Epistle of St. John, which I read to you a few moments ago. In speaking of our whole great duty of love one for another, the Apostle lays down the proposition, you will remember—"If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

Now here, in this passage, do we have several important statements. In the first place, it is declared that the love of man and the love of God are two entirely different things, to be distinguished one from the other, in our thought. Secondly, it is declared that the love of man is the primary obligation of the soul, and that the love of God lies beyond, and is conditioned by, the love of man. Lastly, and most important of all, from our present point of view at least, it is affirmed that the love of God transcends and thus surpasses the love of man, by reason of the fact that to love our brother is to love what we have seen, but to love God is to love what we have not seen. It is this third and last point which we must notice. The love of God as distinguished from what we ordinarily accept and understand as the love of man, signifies the love of the invisible. It is the reaching out of our souls toward that which lies beyond the apprehension of our physical senses—the dedication of our lives to what we cannot know, but, in the absence of all knowledge, may "faintly trust." It is akin to faith, so nobly described in the book of *Hebrews* as "the substance of things not seen." It is what Tennyson so wonderfully unfolded, in the opening lines of his "In Memoriam":

> Strong Son of God, immortal Love
> Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
> By faith, and faith alone embrace,
> Believing where we cannot prove. . . .

In this suggestion that the love of God may mean, among other things, love of the invisible, or devotion to the invisible, we have a golden thread, I believe, which may guide us through the labyrinth of this theological mystery. I propose to follow this thread, at any rate, and see if it does not lead us to some central shrine. For if we find what is involved in the invisible, may we not find what is involved in the process of "seeing him who is invisible" and therefore loving him?

In coming to this matter of the invisible, we find that we encounter it first of all in the realm of *space*. Here we are living from day to day on one little spot on the vast surface of the globe. All around us swings the circle of the horizon, beyond which it is impossible for us to see. Within this circle are the things which are visible; far away, beyond that encompassing rim of mountains or the ocean, there lie those things which are invisible, and hence unknown. In the same way we are dwelling beneath this stupendous canopy of the skies. Looking out a few miles into the darkness, we see the stars which make the radiant company of our world: We number and name these from hundreds of constellations which are visible to our gaze. But beyond those constellations lie unmeasured leagues of space which are as invisible to the telescope as to the naked eye. In the same way, again, we are living here in the midst of a little group of human beings. Our family, our friends, the members of our church and club, the citizens of our neighborhood and town, a few of our fellow countrymen from other states—these are all the persons that we ever see or know. All around us, however, in places near and far, are those hundreds of millions of men and women whom we never see, but who have an existence as real, and to themselves as important, as the lives that we are living. The world, in other words, from the standpoint of space, can be divided into two parts—the visible and the invisible. There is the part which exists because we see it, and there is the part which exists, only because we have faith that it exists.

Now, the great majority of men are quite content to spend all of their lives in the realm of the visible. They have no desire to explore strange lands or meet peculiar people. Men sailed the shores of Europe for hundreds of years without feeling any desire to steer the prows of their ships toward that strange blue line on the western verge of the horizon, which marked the limit of the Atlantic which they knew. Men lived for millions of years, gazing nightly upon the stars, without wondering what lay beyond the bounds of the farthest planet which they could see. Men live all their lives, even today, without knowing or seeing any people save those who live in their own particular neighborhood or country. We are an incurious lot, most of us. We are quite content to stay at home, amid familiar objects. Only within these latest days of human history have any considerable number of men developed an interest in the invisible, and dared to challenge the horizon which rims their lives.

There have always been a few men, however, to whom the invisible, as it presents itself in space, has

an irresistible attraction. They have cared nothing for the seen and the known, and everything for the unseen and the unknown. One such man was Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. How could this Genoese voyager be satisfied with sailing the familiar trade routes of the Mediterranean, or even coasting along the less familiar shores of Spain and France, when beyond him, to the west, there stretched the vast expanse of the Atlantic, on which no ship in living memory had sailed? What lay beyond that horizon? Where would he arrive, if he steered steadfastly toward the setting sun? What lands were hidden in that realm which was invisible only because no man had yet dared to see? This western skyline of the Atlantic became a passion with Columbus. Its breezes called him, as the voice of Jehovah called Moses unto Sinai. To cross that line, and see what lay beyond, became the purpose of his life. He lived for nothing else, cared for nothing else. To this one quest he gave his all, and made it therefore his religion. In other words, he loved the invisible, in so far as this invisible was to be found beyond that western verge of rolling sea; and shall we not say that, in this love of the invisible, he loved God? Such at least is the judgment of Walt Whitman! In that great poem, called "The Prayer of Columbus," do you remember the words which the poet puts upon Columbus's lips?

All my emprises have been filled with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee,
Sailing the deep, or journeying the land for Thee. . . .
O I am sure they really come from Thee!
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable Will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens, whispering to me even in sleep,
These led me on. . . .

The same passion which led Columbus to explore the globe has led other dauntless souls to explore the infinitely vaster spaces of the cosmic universe. Astronomers have swept the heavens night after night with their telescopes, to catch some ray of light not seen before. Chemists and physicists have labored in their laboratories, to penetrate those mysterious realms of atomic life which have hitherto been unseen by mortal eyes. These men have found it as impossible to remain within the borders of the known, as Christopher Columbus found it impossible to hug the shores of the Mediterranean. Beyond these borders, into these strange spaces of the unknown and the unguessed, is where they had to go. They must find what stars are walking these distant spaces of the skies, what elements are hidden in these minute particles of matter, what energies are waiting for the discovery and use of man. They must open doors, scatter darkness, see the unseen with telescope and microscope and test tube. These men, the scientists of ancient and modern times, have lived for the invisible; they have given to it their faculties, pledged to it their lives. With the result that in our time the laboratory has become an altar, the text-book a Bible, and science a religion! In worshipping, seeking and serving the invisible, our scientists have been worshipping, seeking and serving God. It was this fact which was so wonderfully expressed by the devout heart of the immortal Kepler, discoverer of the laws of planetary motion, one of the greatest of all the searchers of the stars. Gazing in rapture upon the mystic spaces of the skies, and seeing what no man had ever seen before, he fervently exclaimed, "O Lord, I am thinking thy thoughts after thee."

More important, however, than our relations with geographical space and cosmic space, are our relations with the men and women who populate this globe. Most of us are tribal creatures, we are interested only in those persons whom we can see and feel and know —the members of our family, the citizens of our town, our associates in business or in pleasure. The people who for any reason live beyond the borders of our experience—the multitudes whom we cannot or do not see and therefore do not know, to these we are usually as indifferent as we are on occasion hostile. We have no concern for the man who belongs to another social class, lives in another section of the city, or is a member of an alien race or nation. We have not imagination enough to understand the aspirations of these people, or to sympathize with their difficulties and sufferings. If we think of them at all, it is usually to fear them or hate them, because they live in a different manner, use a different language, are loyal to different principles and ideas, from ourselves.

Every now and then, however, there appears a man whose human interests cannot be confined within the borders of his particular family or tribe. He loves men just because they are men. Barriers of sea and land, distinctions of race or creed or nationality, do not touch in the remotest degree the affections of his heart. If men are ignorant or unfortunate in any way, if they are bearing burdens or stumbling beneath oppressions, then immediately he is their brother in suffering, and especially their comrade in the struggle for deliverance. Men who are invisible, in other words, are as real and precious as those who are visible, especially if they have need of human sympathy. Thomas Paine was such a man, when he declared, "Where Liberty is not, there is my country." John Howard was such a man, when he hunted out the criminals of England, thrust away in noisome prisons from the sight of men, and rescued them from degradation. William Lloyd Garrison was such a man, when he gave his life to the chattel slaves of the South, whom he had seen only in the sensitive imagination of his heart. Jane Addams was such a woman, when she broke through the barriers of the modern slum, and took up her life with the poor and outcast of our great cities. Rabindranath Tagore told us of such a true lover of mankind in his lecture at our Forum last Sunday evening. This man was a Swede, who one day chanced upon the writings of a famous teacher and prophet of India. Instantly this young northerner of Europe was touched with pity and affection for the dusky hordes of southern Asia. His heart went out to these millions of his fellow-beings, whom of course he had never seen or known. His soul could not rest until he had gone forth to find these people and serve them. And at last he went, and in due season laid down his life in the torrid sun of India. This man, like Abraham, "went out, not knowing whither he went." He deliberately moved himself from the realm of the visible to the realm of the invisible. He loved these people whom he had not seen, but whose needs were as real to him as the needs of his own flesh. And in loving these "who (were) invisible," he was loving God! Surely, this was what Jesus had in mind when he said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye do it unto me."

(To be continued.)

CONTRIBUTED

Church Union and the Clergy

One of the surprising things of the post-war period is the feeble interest manifested in church circles in the movement for church unity. It was confidently expected that with the cessation of hostilities and the return of peace, the church would vigorously and determinedly address itself to the task of putting an end to its unhappy divisions. The most skeptical, seeing how harmoniously the members of different denominations got on together in war activities, were forced to believe that denominationalism of the old competitive type was doomed and a new era of church life was about to begin.

Unhappily, such a consummation does not show any signs of realization, at least not for the present. This year of grace, 1921, sees the sects and denominations as firmly intrenched in policies of self-devotion and self-aggrandizement as they were prior to the war. The entire one hundred and sixty odd are in a neck to neck race with one another for precedence and power. Conventions, conferences, campaigns and what not in the line of meetings, having for their objective increases in membership and revenue, have been the order of the day since the close of the war. The denominational drive with its imposing array of commissions, committees, secretaries and field representatives and tons of printed incitements and appeals, has been all the rage in religious circles. With all the thunder of this multitudinous activity sounding in the ears of the people, it is not strange the claims of Christian unity have found difficulty in making themselves heard. Since the signing of the armistice, the cause has had no easy row to hoe. It has made progress but it has made it in the face of apathy and antagonism. It can point to the merging of branches of denominational families, to the consolidation of individual churches of denominations of kindred creeds and polities and to the existence of a more fraternal feeling between an increasing number of separate congregations of dissimilar faiths and practices. The movement is anything but a forlorn hope. It is surely bound to succeed; but why does success seem so remote, why have the expectations of many failed of fulfillment and the church been thrust back into the old welter of denominational strife? Who is to blame for the failure of the church to take advantage of the fluid conditions which have obtained universally and put forth a mighty effort to unite its forces? This is a hard question to answer. We might state it differently and ask upon whom should the greatest share of the blame be placed. To the question thus stated, we would make answer, the clergy. It is the belief of the present writer that the clergy as a body are responsible more than any other factor in the situation for the present status of Church Unity. Doubtless some one will ask, How about the laity? Are they not entitled to a goodly amount of the blame? Unquestionably they are, but as the clergy have more to do in shaping the policies and moulding the life of the church than the laity, the bulk of the blame rests upon them for the failure of this movement to make the strides which many confidently expected it would make when the war was over. Assuming this to be the case, it is in order to inquire why they have not taken hold of it more vigorously and aggressively and pushed it to a successful consummation.

To this question I cannot see that there is any other reply than that it is clearly a case of not wanting it badly enough to work for it. Theoretically, the clergy may desire it, but practically they do not desire it. When I say "the clergy" I do not by any manner of means include the entire body. I am quite aware of a large and I believe a steadily growing number of clergy who sincerely desire a unification of the forces of the church and are earnestly striving to bring it about, but this number is far from constituting a majority. Passing to a consideration of the reasons why the clergy do not really want a united church, we remark first that many of them do not really desire it because they do not believe in it. They do not believe such a church to be either practicable or necessary. They believe that the doing away with the denominational basis of church organization is quixotic in the extreme, and furthermore not at all called for by the logic of the existing situation. They believe that the present system with its element of so-called competition is more effective in advancing Christianity than any system with this element left out would be. They believe the present system is working on the whole satisfactorily and any meddling with it would be productive of more evil than good. They believe that denominations have their origin in the peculiar mentalities, temperaments and tastes of humanity, and that to do away with them is to leave these differences in the makeup of men unprovided for. All things considered, they are for things as they are.

There is a second class of clergy who do not want church unity because they cannot contemplate the existence of Christianity apart from the existence of their own denomination. The disappearance of Methodism, Presbyterianism or Episcopalianism is equivalent to them to the disappearance of Christianity itself. They have worshipped the deity so long under denominational auspices that they have almost come to think of him as a Methodist or Presbyterian or Episcopalian. This class of clergy is favorable to only one plan of church union; the plan which contemplates the absorption of all denominations into the particular denomination they help to constitute. If they can get the other branches of the church to accept their creed and polity and if possible their name, they are ready to talk union. But any reorganization which carries with it a scrapping of their peculiar beliefs and practices along with the peculiar beliefs and practices of other denominations, meets with their most emphatic disapproval. Fortunately the number of such clergy is diminishing, nevertheless it is still large enough to have to be seriously reckoned with.

There is a third class of clergy who do not want church union because they fear it might not work to their personal advantage. They fear that the comfortable berths which they now occupy would have to be relinquished in the new order which would ensue. It does not occur to them that they might fare better under the new regime than they are faring now. To be the pastor of a church that must enter into keen competition with other churches in order to hold its own, to have one's success gauged in terms of one's ability to steal the sheep of other undershepherds of the flock of Christ, to have to continually weigh the effect of one's words and ac-

tions upon one's popularity in the community, does all this suggest a state of super-comfort? Any system which relieves a minister of the necessity of competing with the members of his profession for audiences and applause and which makes him and them copartners in the common task of Christianizing the lives of their fellowmen, ought to be most thankfully welcomed by him.

But let the worst happen that can happen and the minister as a consequence of the consolidation of numerous fields of labor, finds himself out of a position. Such a situation as this may not be an unmixed calamity to him, nor may it be an unmixed calamity to society. It may prove a blessing in disguise to the minister. It may be his chance to become a successful farmer, mechanic or merchant, and does not the world need Christian farmers and mechanics and merchants as much as it needs Christian ministers. We need the Christian plumber quite as truly as we need the Christian preacher. Many a second class preacher has missed the glory of becoming a first class plumber. The present denominational system breeding as it does such an unconscionable multitude of small struggling churches makes for a corresponding multitude of small struggling ministers who would be just as useful in some other line of work and unquestionably as happy if not happier.

Such a system, looking at its workings from the point of view of the welfare of the church, perpetuates the possibility of ministerial leadership exasperatingly inadequate. Churches which should have strong intelligent leaders in their pastors, have to put up with men who are painfully mediocre not to say lamentably inferior. Out of the dozen ministers who compose the clerical forces of the average small town of from five to fifteen thousand inhabitants, there are seldom more than two or three who possess the requisite qualifications for effective leadership. It is better for a community to have three churches manned by strong commanding leaders than for it to have three times as many manned for the most part by men who are unable to give their community any strong effective lead in the things that are vital to its welfare.

We hear much in these days about a depleted ministry. If the church could undergo the reconstruction, in justice to itself and the kingdom of God, it ought to undergo, there would not be such a ministerial famine as some of the brethren declare the world to be suffering from at the present time, and what is of greater significance, under the new system men of greater caliber would offer themselves for the ministry. It is not more churches and more ministers that we need today but a better brand of churches and a better brand of ministers. It is not more preaching we need; it is preaching that is of the right kind we need. The world wants the man who has a vital message. Such a message heard only once a month will do more good than platitudinous perfunctory sermons preached three times a week.

This brings me to a consideration of the fourth and last class; they are the clergy who do not want a united church because they do not realize the supreme need of it at this juncture in the world's history. Humanity stands today at the crossroads. It is making its choice between paganism as a life philosophy and Christianity, between the pursuit of pleasure and wealth as the be-all and end-all of life and the pursuit of righteousness and peace. A church split up into a hundred and more separate denominations and sects with differences which only a high power microscope could discover, cannot expect to be of any considerable service to the world in its endeavor to choose the right road. In multitudes of our superabundantly churched communities, the gravest of evils abound unchecked and unrebuked. The clergy cannot take a strong unequivocal stand against them without seriously damaging their popularity and alienating from their respective churches the financial support needed by them in order to make both ends meet. When it comes to grappling with community evils, the church in its present divided condition is a monumental failure.

Denominationalism is the devil himself dividing the Christian forces of the community into rival camps to prevent the Lord from accomplishing his righteous purposes. That many ministers are so absorbed in the petty rounds of their small parishes that they cannot see the devil getting in his deadly work in the mutual rivalries, jealousies and animosities of competing sects, is a situation too tragic for words. One marvels that they have not yet awakened to the fact that before the church can win the world to God, it must reconstruct itself in such wise that there will be no more denominations to engage in unseemly and unchristian competition with one another, but instead, a great brotherhood of Christian believers and workers aflame with the passion of their great leader, Jesus Christ, to deliver their fellowmen out of their bondage to lust and greed into a liberty which is liberty indeed.

The clergy have it in their power under God to make of the Christian Church the very organ of the divine will and purpose which its great founder and head intended it to become. Will they have the courage to make the venture? In the recent war they were exempt from military service. The younger clergy were not obliged to hazard their lives in the service of their country as were the younger men of other callings. They were allowed to remain at home in security and ease. Has not the hour struck for them to show the world the stuff of which they are made? Has not the time arrived for them to make the equivalent of the soldier's sacrifice in a campaign to break down the barriers which divide the forces of the Church of Christ and to organize these forces into a mighty army before whose united onset the hosts of evil shall flee in fear and dismay?

Mason City, Iowa. R. L. JACKSON.

The world that we must seek is a world in which the creative spirit is alive, in which life is an adventure full of joy and hope, based rather upon the impulse to construct than upon the desire to retain what we possess or to seize what is possessed by others. It must be a world in which affection has free play, in which love is purged of the instinct of domination, in which cruelty and envy have been dispelled by happiness and the unfettered development of all the instincts that build up life and fill it with mental delights. Such a world is possible; it waits only for men to wish to create it.

Meantime the world in which we exist has other aims. But it will pass away, burnt in the fire of its own hot passions; and from its ashes will spring a new and younger world, full of fresh hope, with the light of morning in its eyes.

—Bertrand Russell.

Straws Show How the Wind Blows

Anatole France Grows Old

Anatole France, the dean of French novelists, is growing old with amazing dignity and grace. He is seventy-six now, but last autumn he took a bride. He is three score and ten plus, but on January 11th he announced his adhesion to the Communist Party of France, taking the most radical political stand possible at the present time in that country. To love is important; likewise to dare. Anatole France is a lover, and no coward. What more could be said in praise of a man of his age?

Asking and Telling

The Queen of England was taken to visit some London slums. She gazed about in dismay. Such dirt! such shabbiness! such misery! She had not known that people could live so. She turned to her escort and said, "Why was I not told?"

I do not know what reply was made, but had I been present I should have been tempted to say, "Why did you not ask?"

Mutual responsibility is the crux of this social problem, all things considered. The poor and oppressed must *tell;* and the ruling few will do well to *ask*.

People set up their ignorance as a defense, as something to excuse them from too severe judgment. They are not at home when beggars—and poor relations (same thing)—call. Thus they avoid being told. And any prompting of conscience is easily quieted by conventional charity, which is not charity at all.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

"Yes!"

It is my duty—and yours—to *ask*. We must find out all there is to know of how the other half—the other nine-tenths—live. We have no right to "ivory towers" or hermitages. Our duty calls us into the thick of the fray. If the social problem is to be solved, *all* must help. The word *all* is a little word, but one of the most important, most meaningful words in our language.

Government's Connotation

The idea of government is closely allied with a number of other ideas that are strikingly unpleasant. The moment one concedes the necessity for government, one finds one's self involved in an excess of associated concessions, some of which are related to spies and provacateurs and some to poison gas and dum-dum bullets. Concede the right of government to exist and you concede its right to protect itself. A good many of the saddest spectacles this earth has ever seen have been caused by the effort of some government or form of government to protect and maintain itself. The Civil War in America was a cataclysmic atrocity from which the country still suffers. The Homestead strike marked the opening of a latter-day struggle between capital and labor which is without parallel in history; it was in itself a hideous thing, foreshadowing every labor tragedy for at least five decades. Shameful as these two instances are there are others equally dreadful and equal important in that they show the unpleasant side of human government.

If every man could be subjected to the Third Degree, no man would respect policemen. If every man could know, with certainty, that his own son would die in the electric chair, capital punishment would not survive today's sunset. Those who know most about government have no respect for it.

Walt Whitman could never think kindly of Grover Cleveland because he had heard that Cleveland had once hung a man with his own hands.

Abraham Lincoln said:

> When the white man governs himself, that is self-government; but when he governs himself and also governs another man, that is more than self-government—that is despotism.

Over the door of a courthouse in Cleveland you will see: "Obedience to law is liberty." This is a fatuous sophistry. Obedience to law may be order or civil peace and harmony; but it is not liberty, it is not freedom. Obedience to human law may be socially necessary; but it will never be wholly pleasant. No one, not slavishly minded, will ever actually enjoy obedience to arbitrary government.

Belloc on Ireland

Hilaire Belloc, whose opinions are usually worth special consideration, frankly and unhesitatingly blames Orange Ulster for the troubles current in Ireland. And with the Ulsterites he blames the English politicians who, as he says, have "failed to govern the Orange county." This indulgence of Ulster in the matter of "the luxury of religious hatred" is to Belloc a grave injustice to the other parts of the British Empire where religious warfare is prohibited and where religious freedom supposedly exists. In other words, the Irish Catholic has as much right under the law to worship as he does as the Irish Protestant has to worship as he does, and under the law this right is guaranteed. If the principle of religious freedom means anything to the British government it should be protected; the Ulster trouble-makers, who are responsible for the so-called Irish problem, should be forced to obey the law. This is an ingenuous argument.

While I do not feel that Belloc's key will open the entire problem to solution, it is plain that Ulster is indulged by the British governing party and that Sinn Fein Ireland is persecuted. Until Sir Edward Carson is safe in jail complete justice remains unaccomplished. Of course, the idea of Carson being punished for his misdeeds is absurd; he is one of the most powerful men in the Empire; he often controls his master; his master seldom if ever has enough power to control him.

A World Dominated by Hate

Sir Philip Gibbs was the recipient of royal honors for "services rendered" in the World War, but he seems to be a free agent in spite of that. He has written a book that tears to tatters some of the most popular and pernicious war delusions—a very dangerous thing to do; and he has not hesitated to criticize "the madmen of Versailles." Arriving in New York to begin an American lecture tour, he said:

> The time has come when we must recognize that the world cannot go on if the idea of vengeance or punishment is to be the dominant one. Perhaps we shall find that we must relinquish even some of our former conceptions of justice; that we must deal with facts and take heed of consequences. It doesn't matter whether Germany ought to pay such an indemnity or not. The hard fact is that it cannot be done without involving Europe and much of the rest of the world in a crash which might destroy civilization as we know it.

For my part the hodge-podge that we call "civilization" can crash—as it ought—any time it likes. A world wherein the idea of vengeance dominates ought to be "scrapped," should "scrap" itself. That is the kind of world we are living in now. If I did not hope for a new world, I should weep for the fate of mankind.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

SELECTED

"The Church With the Open Door"

THE FIRST COMMUNITY CHURCH, COLUMBUS, OHIO, SETS AN EXAMPLE FOR OTHER CHURCH-STARVED COMMUNITIES

Dear Farmer's Wife: I have been visiting today with the leader of a church that stands for what you and I believe religion to be—a church that advertises itself as The Church With the Open Door. And I want to tell you about it. Partly because the story is interesting, mainly because what churches have done other churches can do—if they have a mind to—and a heart!

The First Community Church (this is its formal name) of Columbus, Ohio, is made up of the same sort of saints and sinners as ourselves. The neighborhood in which it lives and moves is made up mostly of people who are in business downtown, well-to-middling, well-to-do folks whose lawn mowers and roosters have the unseemly habit of waking the neighbors up. They are in the main alike and mainly likeable folks who want a good neighborhood in which to raise their particular crop of young America.

A few years back there was nothing in sight but cow pasture and the problem of a church—of *what* church—was simple. There simply was not any! Then came the platting of the addition, the selling of lots to Tom, Dick and Harry, and the building of homes. And then, of course, a natural human hankering for a church in which to hang one's hat—and feed one's heart. Tom wanted a Baptist church. Dick wanted a Presbyterian. Harry represented the twenty-odd other brands of Christian people who favored a church of their own persuasion.

And along came Weist.

He was a young chap then, as he is today, full of sunshine and pep. By force of rather peculiar circumstances that do not properly belong to this story, he had sampled four brands of Christianity and agreed with himself that they all came out of the same factory—that one could, if he chose to do so, find tolerably good people outside of one's own religious bailiwick—people that might, the Lord willing, get into Heaven. So he suggested that instead of the inevitable thick sowing of little, bickering, stunted mission churches, that Tom, Dick and Harry do some real team work and build up one powerful worth-having community church.

This was not the first attempt at union. The first attempt had been to count noses and all join the church that happened to have the most local noses. The Congregationalists outnosed the Presbyterians by two and that amalgamation, full of possibilities of trouble as a wheel with the tire off, chose Mr. Weist as its pastor.

And I might just as well tell you all of the facts while I am about it. Prior to Mr. Weist's coming to the pastorate there *was* a split—the Methodists "bolted" the amalgamation and started a church of their own—a church that is still running but that does not directly enter into this story.

Mr. Weist saw what was bound to come and that very soon, namely, the growth of faction rather than religion. So he said: "Let's have one big community church with a creed big enough for everybody who wants to get to heaven or to get heaven to earth to stand on, and let's make the church work for the community!"

The idea took. They wrote a creed that says much and means much. They withdrew all official connection with the Congregational church. They invited all the neighborhood to "come in."

And here, after five years, is the numerical result of making a church for all the people:

Church members	500
Brotherhood members	260
Guild (women's society)	150
Sunday school	450
Boy Scouts	50
Scout Club	35
Camp Fire Girls	50
Vested choir	40
Yearly budget	$10,500

Back of these figures is a story I do not wish you to miss. Let us take them in the order of their going:

The membership of five hundred is made up of men and women from twenty one or two denominations, all finding a welcome and a church home under the shelter of the creed. The membership of the Brotherhood is even wider. It is a men's club, something or nothing, as it is made to be much or little. The First Community Church is a real community force, speaking for the neighborhood. If they need better street car service the Brotherhood tackles the job of getting it. If it's a matter of neighborhood sociability, the Brotherhood is on hand to furnish the ingredients. It is where the men of the church come to know one another. And that seldom happens, but it does happen here. And it can happen anywhere where men and women will agree to sink petty differences and combine on the big, upstanding essentials.

There was, in former days, a Ladies' Aid. That is now the Guild, with one hundred and fifty members divided into sections as follows: Parents' and Teachers' Welfare, missionary, literary, finance. Trust the women to have a section on finance! More about that later on.

The Sunday school of four hundred and fifty members could easily be larger—if there were more room, and you can easily see, by looking down the list of organizations, how it maintains its hold on the young folks. The Boy Scouts organization is for boys twelve years and over, the Scout Club for boys under twelve, the three divisions of Camp Fire Girls all mean "something doing" for the young folks all the time.

Then there is the vested choir. You do not have to be a member of the church in order to belong. In fact, like the Brotherhood, it is separate from the church in name and a part of it is in reality. Mr. Weist happens to be a singer. He found plenty of good material to work with—trained voices, many of them—so the choir took shape as something independent of the church itself. Each year fourteen of the best

voices among the young folks are admitted to the choir and this chance to get a vocal education is keenly competed for. On special occasions a full choir of thirty-six men's voices is asked by Director Weist to accept the invitation of Pastor Weist to sing in the church. And then there is *real* singing!—the sort of singing that makes the church service something to be remembered.

The Brotherhood meets for a "time" and a "feed" once a month. One guess as to who feeds 'em! You're right, as usual, Mrs. Farmer's Wife. And think of the condition of the feeders—the male ones, at any rate, after eating a seventy-five-cent supper—real value! Any woman could safely bet on a new hat or a fall coat on such an occasion, and many a scheme that has meant the "digging" of father has been sprung at these "feeds." I'll only stop long enough to tell about one.

The church finances were low. There was a lot to do and only a little with which to do it. So the board of trustees made up its case of the needs of the church, fed up the crowd and "sold out" the budget to the tune of $10,500! That is to say, the men present agreed to pay that amount annually until further arrangements were called for and made. Think of what that means! A church with its preacher's salary and its janitor service and its coal bills all provided for, years in advance. Isn't that rather unusual?

The neighborhood was growing fast and with the women busy at home and the men off at work, they were in danger of not coming to know each other. So the church pulled a stunt. They got up a picnic and all the streets competed against each other. That meant, of course, that the folks or Your Street got out and that the folks on Our Street had to get out to beat 'em! And in getting out and planning how to win the street-marker which was offered as a prize to the most original idea offered, folks just *had* to get acquainted. There is a parade and the winning street goes home with its marker. One street is Wyandotte. Suggests chickens, Wyandotte does, so on picnic day, down the street rolls a big chicken coop on a float, and behind it, in such guise as Maeterlinck makes his barnyard fowls wear in Chanticlere, behind the coop came marching, waddling, crowing, fifty or more human Wyandottes. Did they get the prize? Rather!

The Community Church did not forget its missionary duty. That was one thing that puzzled the leaders—how to find a place to work in the mission field. The answer came to them. New factories were growing up and these factories brought in foreigners who made a Little Italy right at their door. The Guild underwrote the cost of maintaining a kindergarten where the little Americans in Italian homes could learn to speak English before entering the public schools. The Guild helps feed the crowd at the great State Fair and turns its profits, some $2,000 a year, into Americanization work, which is a part of the missionary work of the church.

Nor, in looking out for others, does the church forget its own. There was no movie near at hand for entertainment and it so happened that there was a picture machine lying idle and rather easy to get. So Mr. Weist (do you observe that I have not once called him "the Reverend Doctor Weist"?) Mr. Weist—I'd call him Oliver if I knew him another day—secured the machine, gathered in advice from picture show managers downtown and proceeded to give Saturday night shows in the church auditorium for fifteen cents. They can't be beat. All the profit goes into the charitable work of the church.

Do the young people respond to this sort of leadership? Look again at the Sunday school enrollment figures and you have your answer.

I notice, by reference to the weekly bulletin of the church, that the Community picture show committee is made up of three members of the board of deacons, one from the Boy Scouts, one from the Camp Fire Girls. Besides these are on the committee nine men and six women, making, I take it, a pretty strong board of censorship. Marguerite Clark, in "Prunella," was shown just the other evening.

One feature about the government of this church is the presence on the board of deacons of a woman representative of the Guild. The church deals officially with the Guild through this deaconess, and it establishes better relations in every way between the women's organization and the church as a whole.

I have not run out of material about this really unique and wonderful church, but I fear that you are running out of patience with me for writing you such a long letter. But I have a purpose in writing it. And the purpose is this:

Why cannot we do, elsewhere, what the good people of the First Community Church have done—bury forever a lot of our little church differences and set ourselves the job of making a church that is not merely *supported* by the community, but that really *helps* the community to be the right kind of place in which to guide Young America through the character-building years?

Tonight, as I look up from writing this story for The Farmer's Wife and watch the shadows shut out the horizons of bluegrass pasture and golden-bearded grain, all that this church of pastor and people working together has done, seems very do-able. So I pass the story on to you.

The Farmer's Wife. *Hugh J. Hughes.*

OPEN WINDOWS.

Out of the window a sea of green trees
Lift their soft boughs like the arms of a dancer
They beckon and call me, "Come out in the sun!"
But I cannot answer.

I am alone with Weakness and Pain,
Sick abed and June is going,
I cannot keep her, she hurries by
With the silver-green of her garments blowing.

Men and women pass in the street
Glad of the shining sapphire weather,
But we know more of it than they,
Pain and I together.

They are the runners in the sun,
Breathless and blinded by the race,
But we are watchers in the shade
Who speak with Wonder face to face.

Flame and Shadow. —*Sara Teasdale.*

We cannot by any law or code or sign, any legislative measure or executive proclamation or judicial decision, redeem a lost soul, but we can by one or all of these methods prevent that soul from becoming lost in the beginning. . . . Men are as good as society permits them to be. Men are as bad as society forces them to be.—*J. H. H.*

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER TO PASTORS.

(Concluded.)

The score or more of American citizens,—Near East Relief workers—residing in Harpout and vicinity, have befriended the helpless, and by their American altruism secured some degree of immunity from violence. All nationalities, whether Turk, Kurd, Armenian, Syrian or Greek respect American altruism and American citizenship, and even Kemal Pasha and his Nationalist forces are unwilling to do anything that would incur the displeasure of the Americans, for whose disinterestedness they have profound respect.

In point of personnel Near East Relief is the largest civilian organization in the Near East, and despite occasional unfounded, unjust sensational reports, the character and moral influence of its personnel is worthy of highest praise.

In point of financial operations, Near East Relief has received and administered in cash more than $41,000,000 since its organization. If the value of the flour contributed by the United States Grain Corporation and administered through Near East Relief is included, the total relief operations of the organization are considerably in excess of $50,000,000. This entire operation, involving more than $50,000,000, has been handled with the best possible audits without the known loss of so much as one dollar through dishonesty on the part of any of our 528 officially accredited American representatives.

A very important factor in the efficiency of the Near East Relief is the property occupied by the organization by courtesy of governments, mission boards, colleges or other sympathetic institutions. We now occupy in various parts of the Near East more than three hundred buildings that, at a conservative estimate, may be valued at $6,000,000, and would certainly cost much more than that to replace. The hundred or more stone buildings which we now occupy without expense in the former Russian Caucasus, built as Russian army barracks, doubtless cost several millions of dollars.

The orphanage which we occupy in Jerusalem, built by the Germans, with typical thoroughness, substantial with its independent electric plant, machine shops, printing shop, schools for teaching various trades, and adjoining farm, reresented before the war an outlay of more than $1,250,000. By courtesy of the military governor of Palestine we have had it free of expense for orphanage purposes.

In Constantinople we have likewise without expense the finest bakery in the Turkish Empire, with modern machinery from Germany, built during the war for the purpose of feeding German and Turkish troops. In this bakery we now turn out every day 25,000 loaves of bread for the various orphanages in the vicinity of Constantinople.

Other important buildings include hospitals, mission schools and homes built and owned by mission boards or other educational institutions, the trustees of which are generously loaning them to Near East Relief for orphanages, rescue homes, hospitals and other relief operations.

It is the fixed policy of the administration abroad to discontinue general relief work wherever possible, and the announcement has already been made officially in the Caucasus and elsewhere that Near East Relief cannot during the coming year hold itself responsible for general relief of suffering among adults.

The economic condition, is somewhat as follows: with enemies pressing on four sides, the Bolsheviki on the north and east, Kurds and Tartars on the east and south, and the Turks on the west, the able-bodied Armenians have had to use much of their strength in self-defense. In spite, however, of the compulsory withdrawal from constructive labor of all able-bodied men, in spite of the fact that many of them are refugees, hundreds of miles from their own homes, without oxen or beasts of burden, and with only such limited supply of seed wheat as Colonel Haskell was able to secure for them, these people have most industriously placed under cultivation enough land and have raised enough grain during the last year to carry them until mid-winter or possibly February 1st. In any land, however, where there is a seven or eight months' food supply some thrifty, energetic citizens promptly and properly secure for the protection of their own families enough food to last for the entire twelve months. This means that other less fortunate families or individuals begin immediately to suffer.

There will again be in Armenia this winter widespread suffering and considerable starvation, unless enough food is brought in from outside to complete the necessary twelve months' supply.

Likewise throughout Anatolia, Cilicia and about Aleppo, where Kemal Pasha's Nationalist forces terrorize the country and prevent the Armenians from leaving places of safety in order to engage in productive labor, there will continue to be an inevitable dependence of these marooned, or imprisoned Armenians upon such assistance as they can get from the friendly hands of Americans or other sources.

We therefore, will have to face the fact that thousands will die this winter of starvation unless relief reaches them from America, and we must also face the fact that this condition of affairs will continue until the League of Nations, the Council of Allies or some other super-government establishes governmental stability in the Near East and gives to the Christian subject races there the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

The most encouraging and inspiring feature of the work carried on by the Near East Relief is the orphanage organization.

We have at Alexandropol in the Caucasus, one orphanage where there are approximately 10,000 homeless children, fatherless or motherless, many of them having no known living relative.

For the accommodation of these orphans there are sixty splendid stone buildings, erected by Czar Nicholas as barracks for the Russian army. These buildings are now given to us by the Armenian Government for a period of ten years.

We also have fallen heir to a magnificent Russian church where every Sunday religious services are conducted for our orphans.

This orphanage at Alexandropol, is but one of the 229 orphanages that the Near East Relief is now operating in various parts of the Caucasus, Anatolia, Cilicia, Syria and the Constantinople-Straits area.

Thirty miles from Alexandropol, at Kars, there is another group of Russian army barracks, which were given to us by the Armenian Government for relief purposes. I was going through the dormitories of this orphanage at Kars when the young American college girl in charge turned to me and said: Mr. Vickrey, it sometimes makes me feel just a little older than Methuselah to be called 'mother' by 6,000 of those Armenian children." And that is exactly what she was—the only mother that these 6,000 Armenian children have, except as she avails herself of the organized assistance of native Armenian women, in caring for this large family.

In the hospital at Kars I found 1,150 beds, which, the day I was there, were occupied by 1,268 patients, it frequently being necessary to put two or more children in a single bed. At Alexandropol we have in one hospital, or group of hospital buildings, 1,560 trachoma patients. At Karaklis, forty miles east of Alexandropol we have an orphanage devoted exclusively to the care and training of the blind children. At Delijan we have another orphanage, located on a mountain side for the care of tubercular children.

At Erivan we formerly had twenty-six distinct orphanages, though they have now been reduced and consolidated to seven in number. There are something more than 6,000 orphans in the region of Harpout.

The official reports show that on June 30th, 1920, we had in orphanages 54,600 children, and that we are partially supporting outside of the orphanages 56,039 children, making a total of 110,000 boys and girls now under the care of the Near East Relief. At our conference of workers from all accessible stations held recently in Constantinople, we were told by the representatives from Harpout, and from other inland stations, that for every orphan that we have under our care in these areas there are at least three others that should be cared for, but that we cannot reach or receive at the present time.

In Belgrade, Serbia, I was talking with Dr. R. R. Reeder, the well-known American Orphanage expert, about this orphan situation in the Near East, and he at once exclaimed: "You have there the greatest orphanage proposition in the world," and then after a moment of reflection he added: "In the lives of those children you hold in your hands the future of the Near East," and so we do.

It may be doubted if any American organization, has ever had an opportunity equal to ours in shaping the future of the Near East. The 110,000 children

(*Continued on page* 16)

now under our care, wisely guided, will become the leaders of a New Era in the Old World. They will be the trained agriculturists, the mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, bankers, educators, lawyers, doctors, governors and national leaders of the New Near East. Many of them will aspire to higher education and complete their preparations for large usefulness by passing through Robert College, the Syrian Protestant College, Constantinople College for Women, Euphrates College, Anatolia College, the International Institute and other American educational institutions throughout the Near East.

A few millions of dollars wisely expended at this time in the education, character building, and moulding of these young lives will be worth vastly more to the world than billions of dollars spent later in suppressing international warfare and strife.

Sincerely yours,
Charles V. Vickrey,
General Secretary Near East Relief.

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